

# THE LITERARY DIGEST

THE LITERARY DIGEST

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No. 28.

## FOREVER.

BY HARRIS A. STALL ALDER.

Not for a day, my darling, or for one brief year,  
Was true love born; nor can we lightly sever.  
The fondles that ever bound us here—  
The which must last forever and forever.

No, no! say not that thou "must give me up!"  
There is not—can not be a "must" in this.  
Dost not from my young lips the glowing cup  
Whose sweet, pure drops have crowned my life with bliss.

"Forever!" Darling, must I strive to tread  
The winning, slippery paths of life alone—  
No living pillow for my weary head—  
No resting place that I can call mine own?

There may be those who love, and yet forget;  
But, ah! such love is not a love that meets  
The sun may in a flash of time be set;  
While, clearly, reflected still its light will shine.

I love thee, darling, and will wait long years,  
If then, perchance, thou may'st yet give me  
Without then there is naught for me but tears  
Tears and the anguish of a blasted life.

Forever, dearest, must my love be thine.  
Come, dearest, now, and give me thine still!  
It is true, I know, yet our souls may twin,  
And burnest joy our loving hearts shall find.

No, no, my precious one! This must not be!  
These holy bonds of love we may not sever.  
Hark! unto heart, and hand in hand with thee,  
I am thine own, forever and forever!

## ONE LIFE'S MYSTERY!

BY H. REHAK.

Author of "Bound by a Spell,"  
"Humphrey Grant's Will,"  
"Doomed," Etc., Etc.

### CHAPTER XXVI.

#### TRACKED.

About half-past seven on the following evening, James Armstrong alighted from a Broad Street train on to the platform of the Dalton Station, and as soon as the crowd of passengers had dispersed, began to look around for the person who had given him the appointment.

Just at that moment he felt a tap upon the shoulder, and came face to face with the Dumb Man, who, making him a sign to follow, proceeded up the staircase.

Neither of them noticed a woman, dressed in a long, gray waterproof cloak, which covered her form to her heels, and a close bonnet, from which descended a thick, black veil, that entirely concealed her features. This person, who had been lurking at the farther end of the platform during the last half hour, followed them out of the station. Turning to the left, they walked at a brisk pace down Dalton Lane, and then struck off in the direction of Clapton, still followed by the woman in the gray waterproof.

It is scarcely necessary to inform the reader that this woman was Harriet Armstrong. A night of sleep, lethargic sleep had restored her mind to its natural vigor, and to a full sense of the peril of her situation. To remain beneath that roof after what she had overheard, was impossible. She would go down to Marney, confess all to Sir William, throw herself upon his mercy, and be guided by his counsel. But of all, she would make a desperate effort to discover this rival for whom she was to be sacrificed, to scatter all his vile plots to the wind, ay, even if her own life paid the forfeit of the attempt. Such was the plan she conceived during that morning, and while her maid was below at tea, she hastily donned a cloak and bonnet, descended the stairs upon tiptoe, slipped out of the house unobserved, and taking a cab, arrived at the station just as the hand of the dial pointed to seven. She saw her husband alight from the train; she saw him joined by the Dumb Man, and then, as we have seen, followed in their footsteps.

After about half an hour's brisk walk, the pair turned off into a narrow alley, a rural lane, overhung by trees, and with a high garden wall on each side. It was quite dark, a single gas lamp at the top being the only light to be seen. Harriet paused for a moment, with a sensation of fear. But the hesitation was only momentary. The spirit of jealousy and revenge that raged within her heart would have steered it to encounter yet greater perils than even those which lay before.

She could hear the dull thud of the footsteps upon the soft ground growing more distant, as, swiftly passing the solitary lamp, she followed their wake. All before her was profoundly obscure. She could not see whether she was going. She had no clue to guide her save her ear, and was obliged to tread with the utmost caution, lest her own footsteps should be heard. Presently it sounded to her as though the person in advance suddenly changed their direction. A few more steps forward informed her of the cause of this—the lane debouched into another, which crossed it at right angles. The footsteps had turned to the right, and to the right she turned also. The walls went no further. On one side was a high hedge, on the other a row of pollard trees, and beyond, as far as the darkness would permit her to judge, low-



HE GAZED FETTERED, ALMOST STUNNED, AT BERTHA, WHO THREW HERSELF AT HIS FEET, ON HER KNEES.

### CHAPTER XXVII.

#### THE ESCAPE.

Before eight o'clock the next morning, Harriet was again wending her way down the long, narrow lane. She had slept the preceding night at a quiet, suburban inn, and now early that morning to put the plan she had conceived into execution.

The road that crossed the lane was bounded upon the left side by a hedge and high shelving ground. On the right were rows of pollards, flat, dark meadows, or rather, marshes, and some distance off, a sluggish river, overflowing its shallow banks.

The morning was gray, threatening rain, and a low, white mist hovered over the fields. The house to which she bent her course was a bare, repulsive-looking stone building, in wretched repair, with a door in the center, a window on each side, and three above. The garden in front was overgrown with weeds, and the small iron gate which gave admittance to it was bent and rusty, and hung upon one hinge. The steps that led up to it were broken, and out of every crack grew green lichens. Behind the house was a piece of bare, rising ground, bounded by a high wall, in front, lay the mist-covered, Dutch-like landscape. The whole aspect of the place was melancholy and sinister in the extreme.

Harriet halted a little distance off to compose herself for, spite of her determination, her nerves began to tremble as the moment drew near in which she was to put her bold plan into execution. Its success must entirely depend upon coolness and efficiency; the slightest weakness would inevitably betray her.

At length, with a firm tread, she mounted the steps, passed up the garden, and knocked at the door. She pressed the beating of her heart, and awaited the answer.

A pause; then footsteps advancing along what sounds like a sandstone passage. The door opens, and a tall, plainly-dressed, powerful-looking woman, about thirty years of age, with good, but harsh and determined-looking features, stands before her.

"What do you want?" she asked, sharply, and eyeing the visitor from head to foot.

The appearance and manner of the woman almost unnerved Harriet, and her voice faltered a little as she answered: "You have a young lady here whom I wish to see."

"I am the only young lady in this house," replied the woman, with a grim smile.

"I come from the two gentlemen who were here last night," said Harriet, regaining her courage.

"What two gentlemen?"

"I doubt whether I ought to mention names," answered Harriet, artfully, "because you know them by my being different."

"I dare say I know as much as you," replied the woman, who had never taken her eyes off the speaker. At length the narrow lane was reached; she required their guidance no further, and so she loitered until all sound of their presence died away.

She then slowly wended her way until she arrived once more in the region of gas-lamps, houses, and passers-by. She had not the least idea of the neighborhood, but she carefully marked every turn she took, and where it was painted

up, the name of each thoroughfare. She felt certain that she would be able to retrace her steps in the daylight.

The woman just glanced at it. "Let me see your face. You might as well have a mark on as that veil," she said. Harriet lifted her veil, and unflinchingly met the gaze opposed to her.

"What is your business with this person?"

"That I am not authorized to divulge."

"Then I shall not admit you," said the woman, retreating a step or two, as though about to close the door.

"If you do not you will be sorry for it," cried Harriet, quickly. The fear of defeat upon the brink of victory gave her voice a tone of authority that made the other pause.

"Come in," she cried, at length, after another penetrating scrutiny of the face before her.

The fact was, that she was half prepared for a visitor, as James Armstrong had, on the preceding night, intimated an intention of sending a female on the following day, as a kind of maid or companion for the prisoner. At present he was wholly dependent upon the Dumb Man and his creatures, and he thought it as well that he should have a representative in the house upon whom information he could depend. Had it not been for this circumstance, Harriet would have experienced far greater difficulty in gaining admittance, and it is more than probable that it would have been absolutely denied.

It was not without a tremor that she found herself shut in the dimly lit stone passage. From a door at the further end, which seemed to belong to the kitchen, peered forth a shock-headed boy of some ten years, and the sound of children's voices came from within.

The woman led the way up the narrow, dark staircase on to a broad landing, upon which there were three chambers. Unlocking the door upon the right, she threw it open, and pointing to a female figure listlessly reclining in an easy chair before the fire, said, "There she is," and, without further words, quitted the room, and closed the door behind her.

Bertha, for, as the reader will doubtless have guessed, it was she—started up, and with much astonishment, exclaimed, "Who are you?"

Harriet had again let fall her veil, and stood gazing upon the pale, attenuated figure before her, listening, at the same time, for the retreating footsteps of the landlady.

But all was silence without; she was there, listening. Here was a difficulty to carry on such a conversation as theirs would be in a tone so low as not to be heard by a listener without. Not answering Bertha's question, she glanced vaguely around. The place was furnished as a bed-room and sitting-room, poorly, yet comfortably, but everything, both within and without the house, had a look of dilapidation and decay. The ceiling and walls were cracked and dirty; the furniture had a worn-out appearance, and a mouldy, stuffy smell of dry rot pervaded the whole atmosphere.

"Who are you?" again asked Bertha, surprised at the silence and fixed gaze of her visitor.

Before Harriet could reply, a tremendous crash, followed by the screams of children, resounded through the house; she opened the door and looked out, just in time to see the form of the listener disappear down the staircase, and immediately afterwards she heard her voice

Western Station and take train to Windsor. Arrived there, go to the Castle Hotel, hire a conveyance, and tell them to drive you to Sir William Marney's."

"Sir William Marney's?"

"You know the name? See him; tell him his niece, Harriet Cleveland, is in great danger, and ask him to come up to London at once. For an address, give him the police station, wherever it may be, at which you have given information. I will leave my address there. Here is money"—placing a five pound note in her hand—"to defray all expenses. Take it—take it. This is no time for niceties—besides, it is my business you are going on."

But where are we? What place is this?" asked Bertha, now fully equipped in Harriet's dress, and trembling with bewilderment and excitement.

"You are in a north-eastern suburb of London. When you go out at the garden gate, turn to the right. Keep along by the bank until you come to a lane, with high garden walls on either side, at the top of which is a broad road; inquire your way to the nearest police-station. You know the road. And now for the attempt! The disguise is excellent. If you can keep your veil down, it is impossible for the woman to detect you. This old-fashioned close bonnet entirely conceals your hair. Yes; it will do. You have only one danger—your voice. Imitate mine, if possible. If your nerve fails you, you will betray yourself to that lynx-eyed woman. Not another moment must be lost. Come!"

She opened the door, and speaking in loud, angry accents, so as to be heard below, said:

"Very well; do as you please; we shall see what Mr. Armstrong says to your message. I shall return to-night, and bring him with me. Now, quick!" she added, in a whisper; "calmly and steadily, no hurry."

Bertha is out of the room. Harriet has already transferred the key from the outside to the inside of the door, and turned it with a loud clank; but immediately afterwards returns it, opens the door, and leaves.

Like one in a dream, Bertha descended the dark stairs. The woman came out of the kitchen, bearing a child about four years old in her arms. It was sobbing with pain. A saucup of boiling water had fallen upon it and scalded it fearfully.

"Are you going away again?" she asked.

Bertha matters something in a feigned voice about returning at night. The woman had heard the words that Harriet spoke for her, and she knew that she thought the visitor's abrupt manner was due to anger at having failed in some commission she had been entrusted with.

"I suppose you found her cantankerous as usual?" she said, significantly.

Bertha muttered against something, as she knew not what, and made for the door.

"Just lift the latch for yourself," said the woman; "this poor dear child, I don't want to move my hand if I can't help it; and I feel that upon that I don't know what I'm about."

Bertha fumbles at the door, unable, in her nervousness, to find how to open it. The listener above, heard the stoppage.

"Here, let me go!" said the woman, sharply, hurrying down the dim passage with the child in her arms.

"All is lost!" said Bertha, in a low voice, when the light at the stairs in upon her; "when the light at the stairs in upon her, she will perceive the disguise. But there shall be a struggle for it now; we are too late!" and her fingers clinked convulsively.

She saw the stream of light flash across the foot of the stairs. The door was open.

"Good morning," she heard the landlady say.

She unlocked the door and rushed to the window. Bertha was hurrying down the steps; she gained the road; tottered as though she would fall; recovered herself, and hurried on until she was out of sight.

With a cry, Harriet fell upon her knees. She could no longer repress the hysteria that clutched her throat as though it would suffocate her, and burst into a passion of sobs and laughter.

But the next moment there was a loud knock at the door, and the landlady's voice was heard, saying:

"Open the door! I want to speak to you!"

### CHAPTER XXVIII.

#### THE UNFOLDING OF MARY MURDER.

At the hour of the day on which Andrew departed for London were on, Sophie became painfully anxious for the promised telegram. It came about four o'clock, and ran thus:

"Have not seen anyone yet. The A's are at business. He is out. Will write to-night."

There was not much satisfaction to be gained from that, and yet Sophie received a great consolation from its tone. If her sister was out, it was a proof that she was under no coercion—the one thing she feared. Indeed, so relieved was her mind, that she consented to return home with a young lady, the daughter of a



.. UPSET.

[illegible][illegible][illegible][illegible]

the twenty-second of November last 1860, 100 people of London lived twenty-four hours without their having a dinner except a

and to save the glass from the shock of a blow on top. The chief advantages of

[illegible]

promptly rejected. At Ally's feet had yet dared to kneel. We were

[illegible]

with the Ophir of The Bible, from which Solomon is said to have conveyed gold, ivory and precious stones for the construction of the Temple.

[illegible]



# Philadelphia Record

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## FOREVER.

BY MARY A. STALL ALLEN.

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Was I true love born; nor can we lightly sever.  
The fondness that ever bound us here—  
The which must last forever and forever.

No, no! say not that thou "must give me up!"  
There is no "must" can not be a "must" in this.  
Dust not from my young lips the glowing cup.  
Whose sweet, pure drops have crowned my life with bliss.

"Forever!" During, must I strive to tread  
The winning, slippery path of love's deceit?  
No loving pillow for my weary head—  
No resting-place that I can call mine own?

There may be those who love, and yet forget;  
But such love is not a love that matters.  
The sun may in a blaze of glory set,  
While calmly reflected still the light will shine.

I love thee, darling, and will wait long years,  
If thou, perchance, thou may'st yet call me "wife."  
Without thee there is naught for me but tears,  
Tears and the anguish of a blasted life.

Forever, dearest, must my love be thine!  
Come, dearest, meet me, I have time still left.  
In time comes yet our love may be true,  
And purest joy our loving hearts shall find.

No, no, my precious one! This must not be!  
These holy bonds of love may not sever.  
Heart unto heart, and hand in hand with thee,  
I am thine own, forever and forever!

## ONE LIFE'S MYSTERY!

BY H. H. HARRIS.

Author of "Bound by a Spell,"  
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### CHAPTER XXVI.

TRACED.

About half-past seven on the following evening, James Armstrong alighted from a Broad Street train on to the platform of the Dalton Station, and as soon as the crowd of passengers had dispersed, began to look around for the person who had given him the appointment.

Just at that moment he felt a tap upon the shoulder, and came face to face with the Dumb Man, who, making him a sign to follow, proceeded up the staircase. Neither of them noticed a woman, dressed in a long, gray waterproof cloak, which covered her form to her heels, and a close bonnet, from which descended a thick, black veil, that entirely concealed her features. The person, who had been loitering at the further end of the platform during the last half hour, followed them out of the station. Turning to the left, they walked at a brisk pace down Dalton Lane, and then struck off in the direction of Clapton, still followed by the woman in the gray waterproof.

It is scarcely necessary to inform the reader that this woman was Harriet Armstrong. A night of deep, lethargic sleep had restored her mind to its natural vigor, and to a full sense of the peril of her situation. To remain beneath that roof after what she had overheard, was impossible. She would go down to Marney, confess all to Sir William, throw herself upon his mercy, and be guided by his counsel, but first of all, she would make a desperate effort to discover this rival for whom she was to be sacrificed, to scatter all his vile plots to the wind, ay, even if her own life paid the forfeit of the attempt. Such was the plan she conceived during that morning, and while her maid was below at tea, she hastily dressed a cloak and bonnet, descended the stairs upon tiptoe, slipped out of the house unobserved, and taking a cab, arrived at the station just as the hand of the dial pointed to seven. She saw her husband alight from the train; and then, as we have seen, followed in their footsteps.

After about half an hour's brisk walk, the pair turned off into a narrow half-rural lane, overhung by trees, and with a high garden wall on each side. It was quite dark, a single gas lamp at the top being the only light to be seen. Harriet paused for a moment, with a sensation of fear. But the hesitation was only momentary. The spirit of jealousy and revenge that raged within her heart would have steered it to encounter yet greater perils than even those which lay before.

She could hear the dull thud of the footstep upon the soft ground growing more distant, an swiftly passing the solitary lamp, she followed in their wake. All before her was profoundly obscure. She could not see whether she was going, she had no clue to guide her save her utmost caution, but her own footsteps should be heard. Presently it sounded to her as though those in advance had more steps forward in the direction. A few moments later, she was launched into another, which crossed it at right angles, and to the right she turned also. The walls went no further. In one side was a high hedge, on the other a row of pointed trees, and beyond, as far as the darkness would permit her to judge, low-

lying meadows. There was a damp, chilly sensation in the air, as though water were near. Through the obscurity, gleamed three or four distant lights, seemingly from scattered houses. What would be the end of this adventure? Where was she? How would she ever find her way back? Such were the thoughts that filled Harriet's mind as she pursued the gloomy road.

After about ten minutes' further walk, she could perceive that she was drawing quite close to one of the lights, which evidently shone from a window. This house was, most probably, their destination. Her thought was correct. The footstep ceased for a moment, then sounded as though they were ascending steps. Another pause, followed by the opening and shutting of a door, then all was still.

She advanced until she stood opposite the light. It streamed from one of the upper windows of a low, long, one-story house, that lay back in a small garden, approached from the roadway by a short flight of steps.

She ascended the steps, passed through the iron gate, which had been left open by the two men, and cautiously approached the house by the narrow garden path. She listened, she could hear her husband's voice, but not the words he spoke. Then another voice took up the murmur—a woman's. Her heart beat fiercely at that sound; her teeth set, and her hand involuntarily clenched. This conversation, of which she could not catch one word, went on for some time.

But what was the use of all this? She might as well be a hundred miles away as here, unless she could gain admittance to this house, see this woman; confront her, and if she should be innocent of them, expose her husband's designs. If not—ay, if not? No distinct answer came to that, only a fierce surge of passion. What was to be done?

She walked slowly down the garden and seated herself upon the top step to think to seek about in her mind for some expedient, some means to gain admittance to her rival.

Time passed on. The voices within grew louder—the man's threatening, the woman's plaintive, and finally, indignant. But Harriet was plunged too deeply in the labyrinth of her thoughts to heed, or even hear those sounds. Out of those thoughts, she had evolved a wild, desperate plan—one almost impossible of success. But in the overwrought, excited state of her mind, nothing seemed impossible.

She scarcely heard the door open and the two men come forth; she had only just time to dart down the steps, run a few paces up the road, and conceal herself in the blackness of the night, when they passed over the spot upon which she had been sitting.

When they descended into the road, they stopped for a moment.

"I could have been almost positive," she heard her husband say, "that I saw a shadow flit down those steps, but I suppose it was fancy."

He and his companion then walked on, and Harriet followed at a distance so great that she could hear only the faintest echo of their footsteps. At length the narrow lane was reached; she required their guidance no further, and so she entered until all sound of their presence died away.

She then slowly wended her way until she arrived once more in the region of gas-lamps, houses, and passers-by. She had not the least idea of the neighborhood, but she carefully marked every turn she took, and, where it was pointed

up, the name of each thoroughfare. She felt certain that she would be able to retrace her steps in the daylight.

### CHAPTER XXVII.

THE KNIFE.

Before eight o'clock the next morning, Harriet was again wending her way down the long, narrow lane. She had slept the preceding night at a quiet, suburban inn, and rose early that morning to put the plan she had conceived into execution.

The road that crossed the lane was bounded upon the left side by a hedge and high shelving ground. On the right were rows of pollards, flat, dank meadows, or rather, marshes, and some distant, a sluggish river, overflowing its shallow banks.

The morning was gray, threatening rain, and a low, white mist hovered over the fields. The house to which she bent her course was a bare, repulsive-looking stone building, in requited repair, with a door in the centre, a window on each side, and three above. The garden in front was overgrown with weeds, and the small iron gate which gave admittance to it was bent and rusty, and hung upon one hinge. The steps that led up to it were broken, and out of every crack grew green lichens. Behind the house was a piece of bare, rising ground, bounded by a high wall, in front, lay the mist-covered, Dutchlike landscape. The whole aspect of the place was melancholy and sinister in the extreme.

Harriet halted a little distance off to compose herself, for, spite of her determination, her nerves began to tremble as the moment drew near in which she was to put her bold plan into execution. The success must entirely depend upon coolness and efficiency; the slightest weakness would inevitably betray her.

At length, with a firm tread, she mounted the steps, passed up the garden, and knocked at the door. She pressed her hand against her side, to repress the beating of her heart, and awaited the answer.

A pause, then footsteps advancing along what sounds like a sandstone passage. The door opens, and a tall, plainly-dressed, powerful-looking woman, about thirty years of age, with good, but harsh and determined-looking features, stands before her.

"What do you want?" she asked, sharply, and eying the visitor from head to foot.

The appearance and manner of the woman almost unnerved Harriet, and her voice faltered a little as she answered, "I have a young lady here whom I wish to see."

"I am the only young lady in this house," replied the woman, with a grim smile.

"I come from the two gentlemen who were here last night," said Harriet, regaining her courage.

"What two gentlemen?"

"I don't know," answered Harriet, artfully; "besides, those you know them by name."

"I dare say I know as much as you," replied the woman, who had never taken her piercing eyes off the speaker.

"I am sent here by Mr. James Armstrong," answered Harriet, boldly meeting the fierce gaze.

"What credentials have you?"

Fortunately, Harriet was prepared even for this question, which would otherwise have puzzled her. "Mr. Armstrong, as I dare say you have heard, is a cautious man, and, as such, does not care to have his handwriting sent

tered about, but he gave me this," and she drew forth the photograph she had taken from the desk.

The woman just glanced at it. "Let me see your face. You might as well have a mask on as that veil," she said.

Harriet lifted her veil, and unflinchingly met the gaze opposed to her.

"What is your business with this person?"

"That I am not authorized to divulge."

"Then I shall not admit you," said the woman, retreating a step or two, as though about to close the door.

"If you do not, you will be sorry for it," cried Harriet, quickly. The fear of defeat upon the brink of victory gave her voice a tone of authority that made the other pause.

"Come in," she cried, at length, after another penetrating scrutiny of the face before her.

The fact was, that she was half prepared for a visitor, as James Armstrong had, on the preceding night, intimated an intention of sending a female on the following day, as a kind of maid or companion for the prisoner. At present he was wholly dependent upon the Dumb Man and his creature, and he thought it as well that he should have a representative in the house upon whose information he could depend. Had it not been for this circumstance, Harriet would have experienced far greater difficulty in gaining admittance, and it is more than probable that it would have been absolutely denied.

It was not without a tremor that she found herself shut in the dimly lit stone passage. From a door at the further end, which seemed to belong to the kitchen, peered forth a black-headed boy of some ten years, and the sound of children's voices came from within. The woman led the way up the narrow, dark staircase on to a broad landing, upon which there were three chambers. "Knocking the door upon the right, she threw it open, and, pointing to a female figure listlessly reclining in an easy chair before the fire, said, "There she is," and, without further words, quitted the room, and closed the door behind her.

Bertha—for, as the reader will doubtless have guessed, it was she—started up, and, with more astonishment, exclaimed, "Who are you?"

Harriet had again let fall her veil, and stood gazing upon the pale, attenuated figure before her, listening, at the same time, for the retreating footsteps of the landlady.

But all was silence without; she was there, listening. Here was a difficulty she had not foreseen. It was impossible to carry on such a conversation as theirs would be in a tone so low as not to be heard by a listener without. Not answering Bertha's question, she glanced vaguely around. The place was furnished as a bed-room and sitting-room, poorly, yet comfortably; but everything, both within and without the house, had a look of dilapidation and decay. The ceiling and walls were cracked and dirty, the furniture had a worn-out appearance, and a mouldy, stuffy smell of dry rot pervaded the whole atmosphere.

"Who are you?" again asked Bertha, surprised at the silence and fixed gaze of her visitor.

Before Harriet could reply, a tremendous crash, followed by the screams of children, resounded through the house; she opened the door and looked out, just in time to see the form of the listener disappear down the staircase, and immediately afterwards she heard her voice

loud in lamentation, mingling with the shrieks of the children. Some serious accident had evidently happened.

"What is the matter?" cried Bertha, making a movement towards the door, stirred by the impulse of humanity to offer assistance.

But Harriet closed the door again, placed her back against it, and, lifting her veil, said sternly, "Stay where you are! You ask who I am. I am James Armstrong's wife!"

James Armstrong's wife? Bertha, in intense surprise.

"Yes, the last person in the world you would have expected to see!" answered Harriet, an evil fire burning in her eyes.

"Then he is married?" cried Bertha, not yet recovered from her surprise.

"You did not know it?" exclaimed the other, sharply. "Will you swear to that?"

"Most solemnly! Then you have come to release me—to take me away from this place?" she exclaimed, joyfully.

"To release you?" repeated Harriet, struck by a new idea.

"I implore you to take me away from this place; while I remain here I am prevented from fulfilling a dear mother's last dying prayer!"

"You can leave here of your own free will."

"I did not; I was brought here in a state of insensibility. I know not where I am; whether in the neighborhood of London or miles away from it."

"Who brought you here?"—James Armstrong?

"Oh, no," answered Bertha, shuddering; "not he, but another. I did not see Mr. Armstrong until last night, nor did I know, until then, that he was at all concerned in my abduction."

"But you have before encouraged him—thought to be his wife?"

"Encouraged him?" exclaimed Bertha, excitedly. "The very sight of him is loathsome to me! I beg your pardon."

"Oh, do not spare him your vituperations upon my account!" said Harriet, with a bitter smile. "I am his wife no longer, save in name!"

All this time a tumult of thought had been coursing through her brain. This girl was evidently a victim—nothing more. If she could contrive her escape, what a glorious revenge it would be! There was but one way to accomplish it—one fraught with danger to herself, but what was any danger compared to the glorious satisfaction of thus thwarting his schemes? The noise and the cries of the children still continued below. In the midst of such confusion her plan was almost easy of execution.

"Quick!" she cried, taking off her cloak and bonnet, and beginning to divest herself of her dress. "You shall change clothes with me; we are much of a height, and amidst the confusion that reigns below, if you have the nerve, you may manage to get away."

"I will remain in your place. But as soon as you are free, repair to the nearest police station; tell them the story of your abduction—that I am now a prisoner in your place. Mark well the road as you proceed, and if you can not clearly direct them to this house, show them the way. Remember, my life may pay the forfeit of your neglect of duty!"

"I will faithfully perform all that you tell me!" cried Bertha, who was already clothed in Harriet's dress.

"But that is not all," continued Harriet, putting on her bonnet, veil and cloak. "After you have sent the police here, you must get away to the Great

Western Station and take train to Windsor. Arrived there, go the Castle Hotel, hire a conveyance, and tell them to drive you to Mr. William Marney's."

"Mr. William Marney's?"

"You know the name?" See him; tell him his niece, Harriet Cleveland, is in great danger, and ask him to come up to London at once. For an address, give him the police station, wherever it may be, at which you have given information. I will leave my address there. Here is money"—placing a five-pound note in her hand—"to defray all expenses. Take it—take it. This is no time for niceties—besides, it is my business you are going on."

"But where are we? What place is this?" asked Bertha, now fully equipped in Harriet's dress, and trembling with bewilderment and excitement.

"You are in a north-eastern suburb of London. When you go out at the garden gate, turn to the right. Keep along by the bank until you come to a lane, with high garden walls on either side, at the top of which is a broad road; inquire your way to the nearest police station. You know the rest. And now for the attempt! The disguise is excellent. If you can keep your veil down, it is impossible for the woman to detect you. This old-fashioned close bonnet entirely conceals your hair. Yes; it will do. You have only one danger—your voice. Imitate mine, if possible. If your nerve fails you, you will betray yourself to that lynx-eyed woman. Not another moment must be lost. Come!"

She opened the door, and speaking in loud, angry accents, so as to be heard below, said:

"Very well; do as you please; we shall see what Mr. Armstrong says to your message. I shall return to-night, and bring him with me. Now, quick!" she added, in a whisper; "calmly and steadily; no hurry."

Bertha is out of the room. Harriet has already transferred the key from the outside to the inside of the door, and turns it with a loud click; but immediately afterwards returns it, opens the door, and listens.

Like one in a dream, Bertha descended the dark stairs. The woman came out of the kitchen, bearing a child about four years old in her arms. It was sobbing with pain. A saucup of boiling water had fallen upon it and scalded it fearfully.

"Are you going away again?" she asked.

Bertha mutters something in a feigned voice about returning at night. The woman had heard the words that Harriet spoke for her especial behoof, and thought the visitor's abrupt manner was due to anger at having failed in some commission she had been entrusted with.

"I suppose you found her cantankerous as usual?" she said, significantly.

Bertha muttered against something, as she knew not what, and made for the door. "Just lift the latch for yourself," said the woman; "this poor dear child has been so dreadfully scalded, that, I don't want to move my hand if I can help it; and I feel that upset, that I don't know what I'm about."

Bertha fumbles at the door, unable, in her nervousness, to find how to open it. The listener above, heard the sound.

"Here, let me do it," said the woman, sharply, hurrying down the dim passage who the door was locked; "All is lost," said in her arms.

"When the light at streams is upon her, she will perceive the disguise. But there shall be a struggle for it now; we are two to one!" and her fingers clink convulsively.

She saw the stream of light flash across the foot of the stairs. The door was open.

"Good morning," she heard the landlady say.

She unlocked the door and rushed to the window. Bertha was hurrying down the steps; she gained the road, tottered as though she would fall; recovered herself, and hurried on until she was out of sight.

With a cry, Harriet fell upon her knees. She could no longer repress the hysteria that clutched her throat as though it would suffocate her, and burst into a passion of sobs and laughter.

But the next moment there was a loud knock at the door, and the landlady's voice was heard, saying:

"Open the door! I want to speak to you!"

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE UNFOLDING OF MANY MYSTERIES.

As the hours of the day on which Andrew departed for London wore on, the people became painfully anxious for the promised telegram. It came about four o'clock, and ran thus:

"Have not seen anyone yet. The A's are at business. H. is out. Will write to-night."

There was not much satisfaction to be gained from that, and yet Bertha received a great consolation from its tone. If her sister was not out, it was a proof that she was under no coercion—the one thing she feared. Indeed, as relieved was her mind, that she consented to return home with a young lady, the daughter of a







ably the best preparation in the world for removing all blemishes and discoloration from the skin, leaving it clear, soft, and beautiful. Sold at all druggists.  
Bott. 5 Gold Street, New York. Price 15

## STEEL STORIES

...every door between her  
...Ah! will not those b  
...required at our hands her

sists that it shall be indeed "a death!" So it is settled that he is to be drawn for the first shot, which is to be at twelve paces; this falls on Houndsfoot; in the event of his mis-

"Spare me that reference," interposed Cangar; "this is no time for such a di-

valued at fifteen lakhs, (£450,000), and with precious stones, and fringed about the collar, cuffs, and front with large pearls. The coat will be worn at the durbar of the Prince of Wales.

IT is in vain to hope to please alike. Let a man stand with his back in what direction he will, he must necessarily turn his back on one-half of the world.

ably the best preparation in the world for removing all blemishes and discoloration from the skin, leaving it clear, soft, and beautiful. Sold at all druggists.  
Bott. 5 Gold Street, New York. Price 15







# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



CHIEF OF POLICE

A man in a top hat and formal attire, likely a character from the story.

## THE REJECTED LOVER

BY WILLIAM W. CARPENTER

## CHAPTER XV

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